

An  
Indian Tale or Two







‘AN INDIAN TALE OR TWO.’

'They went to bathe in the great sea, but cried:  
'We will wait till all its roar is hushed, then  
bathe!' Such is their worth who say: 'We will get  
rid of all our household toils and cares, and then  
we will practise virtue and be wise.'—Quatrain 332  
from the Nâladîyâr (Dr. Pope's translation.)

*Dimidium facit, qui cepit kalat.*

*Sapere aude;*

*Incipe. Vivendi rectè qui prorogat*  
*horam.*

*Rusticus expectat dum defluat annus;*  
*at ille*

*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis*  
*avum.*

*{ Hor. Epist. Lib. 1 }*

# 'AN INDIAN TALE OR TWO'

*( Reprinted from the 'Blackheath Local Guide' ).*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

R. B. SWINTON.

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## PREFACE.

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THE following tales, excepting two of them, are from Tamil, most of them selected from an old-fashioned reading book called the *Kathâman-jari* (cluster of stories), the others from a collection by the Rev. Dr. Pope. I have noticed only the story of the blind men and the elephant translated either into French or English.\* They are of a different caste from the tales of Bidpai, and the fables plentifully interspersed with moral and sententious maxims, in the ancient *Panchatantra*, and the *Hitopadesa* of Sanskrit, and evidently much more modern. The jokes against the Brahmins point to a Sûdra origin, but then there is Cicero's saying against the two augurs. Hindustâni or Urdu is popularly known in England as *the* language of India; but there are about as many there as in Europe, from the Pûkhtu and Panjaubi of the north, to the Malayâlam or Travancore and Malabar: the origin and growth of the first named has been so often given that I will not repeat it. Tamil is as different from

\* All the same, they *have been* translated by the Rev. E. J. Robinson, with other pieces from the Tamil versified, in 'Tales and Poems of Southern India,' 1885.

it as Welsh is from English, and is confined to the extreme south and to the north of the island of Ceylon, excepting that the enterprising Tamil coolies\* (labourers) and traders have carried it into the island of Mauritius, and Burma and the Straits Settlements, and the celebrated regiment of the 'Madras Sappers' into Bengal, the north, and Abyssinia, while Râmaswâmi appears an all round domestic, when he follows his master as a 'Madras boy.'

As our earliest possessions† in India were on the south-east coast, a few words from its language have become current all over India, and appear even in English dictionaries. There is 'godown' for instance, a shed for keeping goods in: 'the "black hole" of Calcutta was nothing else than a go-down' (Wilson's glossary); but the word is not from the Malay, as there stated, but from the common Tamil word 'gidangu,' a hole in the ground: the gardener, using it, will ask if he shall cut a hole to root the shrub in. 'Cheroot' means only something rolled up as a map or cloth, and curry is hot spice. Malagatawney, the soup, is *mulugu* (pepper), and *tannîr* (water), in one word. 'Coir,' a rope on board ship, is *Kâyiru*,

\* *Kûli*, the hire of labour.

† Madras was granted to the English in 1639, while effectual possession of the island of Bombay, the dowry (1661) of Catharina, Infanta of Portugal, was not obtained until 1664.

from twisted cocoanut fibre; and 'betel,' English and French, is *vettilei* (mere leaf); and 'chit' (a note), is *chîttu*. *Togai*, a peacock, is supposed to be the same as the Hebrew word used in the First Book of Kings: 'for the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks,' whence it is concluded that the peacocks, at all events, were got from the west coast of India, where a form of Tamil is now spoken. 'Pariah' from *paraiyan*, a low caste drum-beater, and 'tope,' in use all over the country, are pure Tamil: rice, too, is from *arisi*, through Greek. The language extends from a few miles north of Madras to the extreme south, to the Brahmins of the temple at Cape Comorin, touching Telugu on the north, the Canarese of Mysore on the north-west, and the cognate language spoken in Malabar\* on the south-west, and is spoken by between fifteen and sixteen millions.

The country of this tongue is known to some as that from whence Trichinopoly cigars and the different 'Flors' of Dindigul come, and whence the French got the word *vétiver* for the sweet smelling cuscus roots; but is also otherwise celebrated. Here, round Fort St. George, after a peaceful trade of a hundred years varied by the

\* Tamil used erroneously to be called in the old books *Malabar*.

quarrels between rival governors or councillors, including Pitt of diamond notoriety, bickerings and bribings with the local Naiks and with their neighbours, the Portuguese, at St. Thomé, war broke out with the French, and the enterprising Labourdonnais took possession of Fort St. George, the officials of which were afterwards led in triumph through the streets of Pondicherry by the imperial Dupleix. French and English admirals manœuvred and fought their fleets in the neighbouring seas: then Clive rose into notice under Stringer Lawrence, and afterwards heroically defended Arcot against Chanda Sahib, and Coote eventually saved our dominion in the south by the defeat of Hyder Ali and his innumerable horse near Porto Novo; and finally the polygars of Râmnâd and Tinnevely were subdued, after their stubborn defence, with their long spears, of the walls of Pânjalâmkuritchi (not so pretty a Tamil name to look at as Coromandel), 'the Coromandel coast,' as the south-eastern seaboard got to be called, from a then small fishing village, *Karu-manil* (black sand), a few miles north of Madras, and where the early voyagers to this part of India may first have held communication with the shore.\* I don't know if there is any black sand there still, nor what its use, excepting as a substitute for blotting paper; but there was

\* 'Coromandel is first named under this date (1623) in the Dutch accounts of India.'—Brown's Carnatic Chronology.



at Cape Comorin when I was last there, and red sand, and sand-like broken grains of rice, about which of course there was a legend.

Other places are well known:—the extensive undulating plateau of the Neilgherries, seven thousand feet up, superior in space, air and climate to anything in North India; the less well known Palani hills, about the same height and with the same salubrious climate; the *yânai* ‘malleys,’ or elephant hills, rising to eight thousand feet; and the Shevaroy of Salem, three thousand feet lower, but where Europeans find a pleasant change from the plains—and there are other ‘droogs.’ The great Hindu fanes of Shrîrangam, with its outer surrounding wall of more than half a mile square, and many *goprâms* (towers), within sight of the historical rock fort of Trichinopoly; the highly ornate temple at Madura, a place formerly the centre of Tamil learning, and thought to have been indicated by Ptolemy, the geographer; and the lofty tower of the Soobramunya Swâmi pagoda at Tanjore—a place afterwards conquered by the Mahrattas, and Chillambram, with its 900 granite columns and stone chains, taken and re-taken in the wars between the French and English, will not be new names to those who have some acquaintance with Indian history or travels; nor will the wave-beaten rock temples of Mahabalipûram, sung by Southey in his ‘curse of Kehâma;’ blessed Glendoveer and

all ; nor Râmeshwaram opposite to Adam's bridge leading to Ceylon, resorted to by pilgrims from all parts of India for worship and purifying bathing in the sea. Of Christian remembrance there is at the Little Mount, six miles south of Madras, the traditional place of burial of St. Thomas,\* said to have been martyred at Mailapoor close by.

‘Fluminorum,’—The chief river in the Tamil country is the holy Cauvery, towards the end of its course not to be compared in volume with the Ganges or Godavery, though it is a thousand and two-hundred yards from bank to bank (when full), irrigating the district of Tanjore, the granary of South India, across which in 1836 the *aneikatt*† (dam) was raised by the present venerable Sir Arthur Cotton, then a captain of Engineers, who afterwards bridled the Godavery in the same way. The French still held the pretty town of Pondicherry on the coast (*puthu-chéri*—the new village). The Portugese have left their names and churches at St. Thomé ; Negapatam and Sadras were yielded up by the Dutch as well as Tuticorin (dutch—*gudi*) in the south, well known to mariners and merchants as the chief port of the cotton trade exportation, and opposite to which pearl fisheries were once carried on. Tranquebar on the sea coast, with its walls and gates, the snug

\* Heber's Journal, vol. ii, page 177 : Murray.

† The natives had done the same on other rivers.

Danish settlement whence issued the earliest Protestant missionaries in the beginning of the 18th century.

But as to the language itself, of which I meant to say something, before being led away by other recollections of the ancient Pândyan kingdom. I suppose it will not be sufficient to say: 'it is just like any other civilized language,' as a fond brother I knew described his sisters to their mother, who had been separated from them since their childhood, and who was affectionately curious—that they were 'just like any other girls.'

✓ It has got its 'parts of speech' (grammarians write as if they were made by a higher power), nouns, verbs and adjectives, participles and conjunctions, although by no means under these Latin grammar ideas and names, and can convey precise periods of action by its verbs as well as Greek; but does not suffer from a difference of gender in irrational objects. Max Müller classifies it in the southern Turanian family of languages 'of which the most characteristic feature has been called agglutination, or gluing together' (quoting from his own *Survey of Languages*), 'which means not only that, in their grammar, pronouns are fastened to the verbs in order to form the conjugation, or prepositions to substantives in order to form declensions;' and a further neatness about this 'glue,' in Tamil, is that there is no separate

relative pronoun, it being bound up with what must be called the participles thus: *avantanthapan-namithu*, meaning: 'this is the money which he gave,' and as it has a barbarous appearance it should be split up: *avan* (he), *tantha* (which he gave), *pannam* (the money), *ithu* this (is). The verb itself also has a negative form which is very neat, but the passive voice has to be made up by adding the several inflexions of the verb meaning 'to suffer,' and, more rarely, 'to eat.' The verbal or derivative nouns are an especial feature of the language. Babington writes that in the possession of a conjugated derivative the Tamil language 'wears without corival' the stamp of originality.

The remark by H. Morris in his 'Simplified Grammar of the Telugu Language'\* applies equally to Tamil, that 'addresses and quotations are always put in the most direct form, the indirect form or *oratio obliqua*, so common in European languages, being never employed by Orientals. This adds vividness and picturesqueness to the narration. The speech or quotation, just as it was spoken or supposed to have been spoken, is generally placed at the beginning of the sentence, which is concluded by such a phrase as having said he spoke *ani cheppenu*', in Tamil, *enru shonnan*. We see the same form in the translation from Hebrew of the Old Testament; but I suspect this is quite enough about grammar.

\* Kegan Paul, Trübner & Co, 1890.



The language is not Aryan, but Dravidian like its neighbours Telugu and Canarese, but is interpenetrated with words of Sanskrit origin of which the Sanskrit pronunciation is retained by the Brahmins, though softened by the Tamulians of the learned class. It is more Sanskritized than English is Latinized, although the construction of sentences remains unaffected by the language of the conquering powers. The sound of Tamil is not so smooth as that of Telugu, with its soft *ts* and *z*; but the raucous voices of people talking on the road may have something to do with the repugnance to it felt at first. It is not guttural like Arabic, and the only real difficulty is in preserving the distinction between letters made by the tongue being placed near the front teeth or farther back against the palate, in the cerebral letters *ḍ*, *t*, *r* and *n*; and of course a long vowel must be made quite long, and a short vowel quite short; fortunately they have different shapes. The native grammars have a section on the 'generation of letters,' but without the aid of wood-cut sections of teeth and palates; for instance, a certain letter is to be made by 'just touching the palate with the tongue's tip'; doubled letters must not be shirked. Emphasis on words of course exists, but there is no accent; all goes along with an even trip.

It would not be quite accurate to say that all the vowels have an absolutely fixed sound, two of

them get a twist before certain consonants; but they are as regular as in Italian in this respect. Diphthongs are as much vowels as any other. The vowel is called by their grammarians by a word meaning ‘the letter which gives life,’ and a consonant by a word meaning ‘letter of the body’; but to make up for their having no separate term for diphthong they have ‘male letters,’ ‘female letters,’ ‘hermaphrodite letters,’ ‘ambrosial’ or ‘happy letters,’ and ‘poisonous’ or ‘unhappy’—fads of the grammarians. Europeans find a difficulty in only one consonant, the one said to be ‘generated’ as above, and shirked by the lower classes. It is like a certain Russian letter sound, and resembles the *з* in ‘azure.’ Ridiculous mistakes can be made at first although the natives don’t laugh (before us). I suppose it is the incongruity of their subject with levity which fastens some of these tales upon missionaries who eventually make the best scholars; but it is reported that one young man, meaning to ask a native about his soul, asked him instead about his ‘goat’s hair’; and it is an old joke that another\* is reported to have explained that he had gone up the Conoor ghaut (mountain road) on a goodery, instead of saying on a *kutirai*—a horse; the first word is the name of the convenient wadded and diapered napkin on which little babies are carried; but these are more mistakes in words than owing to any

\* A friend says he must have been a German.

intrinsic difficulty in pronunciation. In the same way, a native once told me that the doctor had said the 'stubbs' in his wrist was not beating strongly. The written character is compact and convenient, of thirty shapes, only the mode of hooking on the medial vowels above and below, adds a few more.

The mode of writing, universally in use once, was with an iron style on <sup>a</sup>a strip of palmira leaf an inch broad. Writers kept a notch in the left thumb nail, and, as a man sculls a boat in the middle of the stern, so they guided the instrument on the material, which was passed through the fingers from right to left. A single *chit* would be neatly curled up and folded over, and a book would be made up of a hundred or more leaves, with a string threaded through them all at one end; while the year's account of a village accountant looked like a faggot. In the case of the book, black powder was sometimes smeared over the pricked-in letters to make them more distinct, and two strips of wood of corresponding length and breadth bound it in boards, when it would last for centuries, if the white ants did not eat it. Writing on paper has been extensively substituted for the old fashion, and since 1835 printing has been made use of by the natives for their books. That is the date, at least, which the Rev. William Taylor in his catalogue *raisonné* of Oriental manuscripts fixes, when only one of their classical works had

been printed. Since that time, printed works have increased in a doubling geometrical progression I would say, had I not the consternation of the Indian Monarch in my mind who promised one grain of rice for the first square on the chess board, two for the second, and so on up to the sixty-fourth, so will say ‘enormously.’ Printing had been in use long before for Government regulations and proclamations, and before that by the missionary bodies, the Danes of Tranquebar leading the way in translations of portions of the Bible, and the Jesuits before them.

In connection with the alphabetical system I must mention a very troublesome way the Tamulians have of not only running all the words in a line together without any space between them, but also of changing terminal consonants before the initial consonants of the following words, and of doubling others after certain vowels. Vowels also, in the same situation, sometimes coalesce, and sometimes buffers are placed between them like the digamma in ancient Greek, all done on an elaborate system in the supposed interest of euphony. It was originally meant to be used only in metrical compositions, but it is carried on into some prose—in a recent edition, for instance, of the book from which these tales have been translated. Its use has been discontinued in modern works, especially in works under European control, and in the translation of the Bible. Part of this system

has been borrowed from the *sandhi* (union) of Sanskrit, part invented by the southerners. In metrical compositions it certainly knits together sense and sound like wax. There is much ancient literature in the language, but dates are uncertain (800 to 1200 A.D.), and more still translated and adapted from Sanskrit. The Tamil Râmâyana of Kamban, to which the old shepherd in one of the stories was listening with his outward ears, is stated by the Rev. I. H. Bower\* who said he had read both—rare accomplishment!—to be better than the original of Valmîki, and of the celebrated grammar, the metrical *nannûl* (*nan* good, *nûl* thread) of Pavananti, the same writer quotes H. Stokes (Madras C. S. 1808–85) for the statement: ‘that it stands conspicuous amongst the grammatical treatises of all nations for logical and comprehensive brevity.’ It has had many commentators. The Kurral is still better known as a collection of terse moral maxims; parts have been done into Latin and German, and the whole, finally, into English by the Rev. Dr. Pope; but ‘the greatest existing Tamil literary monument’ is the *Jîvaga Chintâmani* of 3145 stanzas—‘at once the Iliad and Odyssey of the Tamil language’ (Dr. Pope in the introduction to the Nâladiyâr). Bishop Caldwell states that it is quite independent of the Sanskrit. The Rev. H. Bower edited and partly translated one chapter. There is the short work of the female Aviyâr, still

\* Article in the Calcutta Review, vol. xxv, for 1855.



quoted in schools, and the 400 quatrains of the Nâladiyâr in a beautiful edition, with translation by Dr. Pope, which in my humble opinion had better have been printed with *sandhi* in the native way, and without the weakness of punctuation; and there are several other works of the palmy period of literature. The Jains had most to do with it. All the poetical works down to a late date are composed in what is termed *Shen Tamil*, meaning high, or polished, which without special attention having been given to it is not readily readable even by well (English) educated natives; obsolete words of pure Tamil are used and the inflectional terminations are different. A young gentleman in an English office would not be able to read Chaucer, unless perhaps he had failed in an examination for the army. The best account of the poetical literature down to the beginning of this century is in a work called the 'Tamil Plutarch,' by S. C. Chitty (Jaffna, 1859), and in the compilation by J. Murdoch: 'Classified Catalogue of Tamil Printed Books.' In the Rev. W. Taylor's catalogue, three vols. (1862) of 800 pages each, including Tamil, we find works described on morals, philosophy, grammar, religious observances, local legends, ceremonials, medicine, satires, plays (a few); besides astrology, incantations, spells, love charms, palmistry and other such pernicious nonsense, probably of the sort of works on 'curious arts' which the Ephesians heaped

together and burnt to the value of '50,000 pieces of silver.'

Masses of Christian literature, Protestant and Roman Catholic, have been printed (and especially the Bible), beginning with the partial translations, in the opening of the 18th century, by the Danish missionary, Ziegenbalg, author of the first Tamil grammar in Latin, and carried forward by Fabricius, down to the last translation by the united missionary bodies presided over by the Rev. H. Bower. The Jesuits of Goa had however before that tried to use type. The language began to be studied by the last named body before Sanskrit, though the superiority of the latter and the higher position of its early explorers, Jones, Colebrooke, Carey, Wilkins, H. H. Wilson, eclipsed the former. Robert de Nobili in the beginning of the 17th century was first in the field, followed by Father Beschi, an Italian, honoured by the people with the title of *Vîramâmuni* (the heroic devotee), who, although of course unacquainted with the comparative science of languages and philology, was the greatest master of the tongue who ever lived, and the author, among other works, of the *Tembâvani* or Christian history in metre of immense length, '3615 tetrastichs.' The valuable original MS. is in the India Office library.\*

\* R. C. Caldwell (*Athenæum*), 5 Dec. 1874, had heard the Jesuits valued it at £2000. There is a French prose abstract (Pondicherry 1851) by a missionary who does not give his name, and who has edited the whole.

C. Rhenius of Tinnevely, the author of a good grammar followed, and Dr. Rottler of the Dictionary, the Rev. H. Bower and the Rev. P. Percival, author of 'The Land of the Vedas,' originally a missionary in Ceylon, the Rev. H. W. Drew and Egbert Kennett, and the German Dr. Graull, and Bishop Caldwell, the author of the Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian languages, and his son Robert Caldwell (a layman) who, judging from his two papers in the Indian Antiquary (1872), had he lived, would further have added the charm of excellent verse to translating from a language which he intensely admired, as Horace Hayman Wilson and Milman have done in their translations from Sanskrit. The Rev. Dr. Pope, of Oxford, whose books have been referred to, is the most eminent living scholar; and among Frenchmen there is M. Vinson. Of late years the missionaries of Ceylon, and the Americans have done good work, especially Dr. Winslow in his Dictionary. The pioneers, however, were from Tranquebar: Ziegenbalg, Plütschau, Schultze, Sartorius, into whose labours others have entered, and the French mission at Pondicherry, which also began before we did, and has continued.

While many of the Civil Servants of Government have accomplished themselves colloquially and in the current written office language, I find only the names of a few who have had time or inclination to study high Tamil. Their business usually requires some acquaintance with more than



one language, and a profound knowledge of one foreign language—from its country colloquialisms to its highest, including its ancient literary productions—is enough for one foreigner; besides, they are moved to different parts of the country. But one, the elegant scholar Francis W. Ellis, (circa 1820) first translator of the Kural, stands pre-eminent, probably next to Beschi. Robert Anderson, in India from 1806 to 1821, and then Assistant Oriental Professor at the Honorable East India Company's College at Haileybury, published a Grammar (1821), in strange type cut in England, 'containing, with the rules of the ordinary dialect, an introduction to Shen Tamul, or the elegant dialect of the language'; and Mr. Benjamin Babington translated Beschi's grammar of ordinary Tamil and furnished Anderson with a MS. copy of the same author's high Tamil grammar. Babington also translated with an analysis, about the same time, the learned Jesuits' *jeu d'esprit* of the adventures of Gooroo Paramartan (Guru Noodle), re-published in 1871; and there was H. Stokes.

The late Dr. Burnell, although widely known as a paleographer of non-Aryan languages, and of course acquainted with Tamil, gave most of his attention to editing and translating Sanskrit MSS. When I met him once in the Telugu country he remarked he was tired of learning dialects.

‘I have not been quite consistent in the spelling of Indian words, but the best system of transliteration is that recommended by the Royal Asiatic Society’s Journal for October, 1896.’

## ‘AN INDIAN TALE OR TWO.’

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### I.

A thief got into a grove of cocoanut trees and climbed up one in order to steal the nuts. The owner, hearing the rustling of the leaves, came running from his house calling out. The thief becoming aware of this slid down the tree. The owner said, ‘What business had you on my tree?’ ‘My little brother,’ said the thief, ‘I climbed the tree only to find some tender grass for my calf to eat.’ ‘What!’ said the other, ‘were you dolt enough to look for young grass on the top of a cocoanut tree?’ ‘That is just it: not finding any, I was coming down.’

### II.

A certain woman had it in her mind to marry only with a husband who was handsome and clever. One day a good-looking young man sought her, and she entered into conversation with him in order to test his wits. While talking they heard a sort of noise like ‘Sada, Sada.’ ‘What is that?’ he asked. ‘That is the noise the iguana lizard makes,’ said she. ‘Then please go and pull a feather from it, I wish to clear out my ear,’ he answered. ‘Will an iguana have feathers on it, you lout?’ she said; ‘you can go about your business.’ After some time another man presented himself, and she said to him, ‘What do you think? a fool the other day asked me to pluck

him a feather from a lizard.' He laughed aloud, and replied, 'Why he must have been thinking of a tortoise.'

### III.

Once upon a time a shop-keeper, taking a stupid fellow as his companion, went on a journey. On their road, as it fell very dark, they both lay down to pass the night, a little way from each other. The shop-keeper was under the shelter of a bank. Presently some thieves came that way and the foot of one of them struck the leg of the fool. 'What is this?' said the robber, 'it seems like a log.' The fool got angry and said, 'Pooh, pooh! is it the rule that logs in your country lie down with five shillings in their waist girdle?' At once the robbers took hold of him and stripped him of his money. As they were preparing to go off, one said to the other, 'I wonder if this is good coin?' The fool fired up and exclaimed, 'What! do you think so of my money? If you have any doubt show it to the shop-keeper who lies there and ask him.' At once they fell upon the shop-keeper and took away a hundred pieces he had with him. Therefore, from the companionship of fools there is ever harm.

### IV.

A teacher, one day, was in conversation at the house of a disciple, and said to him, 'Now, which is the cleverest of your sons?' Said the disciple, 'See, my lord, there is one of them who has got on to the thatch of the house and is brandishing a fire-brand; he is the cleverest.' The teacher laid his hand before his mouth\* and wondered what the other sons were like.

\* A sign of polite astonishment.

## V.

A certain reciter of poetry was seated on the outside step of a house keeping time with his head while he recited. Many people were standing near listening. By chance a shepherd was among the listeners and was sobbing without ceasing. The bystanders thought perhaps he was crying from joy, and bid him not cry. The shepherd answered, 'Alas! in my flock one of the sheep got this very sort of pain and dragged its head from side to side, and so it died. I am lamenting the same fate for so fine a young man; but if you will seize him at once and brand him with a hot iron he may recover.' The people round abused the old shepherd and drove him off.

## VI.

A certain rich man used to give his old father his pottage out of a rough potsherd. His son, noticing this, took it away and hid it. The rich man, not finding it, said to his father, 'What have you done with the potsherd?' and struck him. The boy said, 'Don't beat my grandfather, I took it away and hid it, and for this reason: I thought that when you became old I could use this same potsherd for you without getting another.' The rich man on hearing this was struck with shame, and thenceforward treated his father properly.

## VII.

A 'Guru,' or religious teacher, was hard at work explaining the lesson to his pupil. The pupil the meantime was deeply engaged watching a rat entering its hole. When the teacher had finished, he said, 'Has it all penetrated?' The boy answered: 'All has got in but the tail.' Thus will it be with those who teach fools.



## VIII.

Two wrestlers were struggling together. One of them threw the other upon his face, rolled and rolled him round and kicked him. The fine fellow after his kicks got up and said, as he twirled his moustache : ‘What of all this? no dirt has stuck to my moustache.’

## IX.

There was a certain singer who over-estimated himself, and who thought he would travel into another country and earn a reward by singing before the Râjah. He went there and lodged for the night in the house of a washerwoman, and in the morning, according to his custom, began to practise singing. The woman used to listen and to cry. At last he asked her why it was she cried. Said she : ‘Sir, when I listen to your golden voice I keep thinking of a dear donkey belonging to me which died last month, and on this account I am crying.’ The singer was disgusted, and went back to his own country without visiting the Râjah.

## X.

A certain blind man had a son born to him. The baby lived for a short time and then died, being choked in drinking some milk. They came and told him the child was dead, and he asked to be informed how it was it had died. They said it came about when it was taking milk. ‘What sort of a thing is milk?’ he asked. ‘It is white,’ said they. ‘But what is white like?’ he asked. They answered him, ‘White is like a crane.’ ‘But what is a crane like?’ he pursued. ‘Like this,’ one said, crooking up his hand like the neck of a bird. The blind man felt the hand, and said :

‘No wonder my child died if such a crooked thing got into its throat.’ So we see how it is difficult indeed to make a man quite ignorant of the subject understand.

## XI.

A reciter was chanting the poem called ‘The History of Râma’ in the market place to the people standing round. A shepherd’s wife thinking her simple husband might get some good told him to go off and listen to the Râmâyana ; so he joined the crowd, and bent forward, leaning upon the top of his long staff. A fellow in the crowd jumped upon his back, and until the end of the recital the shepherd stood patiently and then went home. His wife asked him what the Râmâyana was like. Said he : ‘It was no light matter, it seemed to me like the weight of a man.’

## XII.

A villager had once fattened a nice sheep. The village watchman cast his eyes upon it and stole it. Having killed it he told his wife to make curry of the meat and to bury the rest. Said she : ‘Go along with you ; can we hide the mutton from our child ?’ The watchman answered : ‘The child is now lying at the threshold ; just go and sprinkle some water over him, and call out “rain, rain” ; then give him some curry to eat.’ So she did. Next day the owner suspected who the thief had been, and seeing the child playing said to him : ‘What meat was there in your house last night ?’ The child said : ‘We had mutton curry.’ Thinking the child would do as his witness, he went to the Justice to complain. The Justice sent for the watchman and his wife, and asked them if they had cooked mutton curry. They denied it.

The Justice said : ' Your own child says so.' ' We don't know what day he refers to,' they answered. The Justice asked the child what night he had had curry : ' That night it rained,' said the child. The Justice knew there had been no rain and, thinking that could not be the stolen sheep they had eaten, sent them all away.

### XIII.

A bridegroom-elect, taking with him somebody as his best man, went on a visit to the house of his father-in-law ; but as excepting the turband on his head all the rest of his clothes had been borrowed, he told his friend not to mention this. When they had gone in and had seated themselves the father and mother-in-law, addressing the friend, asked after their welfare. He replied : ' Only the turband belongs to him, pray do not ask me anything about the rest of his clothes.' Hearing this speech the bridegroom was covered with shame. Companionship with fools always comes to this.

### XIV.

A certain man had put together a fortune amounting to a thousand pagodas, and knowing that he would soon die sent for his two sons and gave them each five pence and said he would bestow all his fortune upon the son who for this money could most effectually fill up the house. The elder son went away and buying, as the cheapest thing he could find, crushed sugar-cane stalks heaped them up in the house. The younger son bought some candles, lighted them and placed them about, and the father gave all the money to him. Therefore the wise man will be the great man.



## XV.

Some men who had been blind from their birth, having met together in the way, heard the bell on an elephant as he strode along, and thought they would like to see it. The rider stopped at their request and told them to examine it. Then, one blind man felt the leg, another felt its trunk, and a third its ear, and when the animal had gone on they began to talk about its nature. The man who had felt the leg said: 'An elephant is just like a mortar.'\* The man who had felt the trunk said: 'No, it is like a pestle';\* while he who had examined the ear said: 'It is like a winnowing fan'; while one who had touched the end of the tail persisted that it was like a brush. So they continued to dispute and could not agree. In the same manner we see that the parties belonging to different sects disagree upon the nature of God, Who is beyond human understanding.

## XVI.

Somewhere in the north country there lived a man who, from the age of ten until thirty, had studied logic, and that only; another was a grammarian, and knew nothing else but grammar; a third, a singer, was skilled only in metres; while a fourth was an expert in astrology. It came into the minds of these four to display their learning about the country, and put together money for their marriage expenses. So they found their way to the King of Vélur, and showed him their qualifications. The King, turning to his chief man, named Appâjî, said: 'These indeed are clever fellows!' To which Appâjî replied: 'However

\* A mortar is a cylinder of wood about two feet high and a foot in diameter; the pestle a metal-shod pole three inches in diameter.

much science they may know they are but block-heads in worldly affairs, I think.' 'Prove this to me,' said the King. 'I will,' said Appâjî; 'bid them go and eat their food, and then return to you.' So the King gave them a polite dismissal; but, unknown to the four, Appâjî bade a servant follow them, and report to him what they did. The logician set out to buy melted butter, and had it given to him in a little leaf-cup, and on the way back argued with himself thus: 'Now, does this leaf-cup support the melted butter, or does the butter support the cup?' While doubting, the cup burst open and its contents slipped away, and he was, at all events, satisfied that the cup was the support. The one who went to buy butter-milk heard a women calling out, 'Milk ho!' with an undue lengthening of the last vowel, and, getting angry with her as she did not understand his explanation, called her a fool, and went away without buying the milk. The man of metres watched the pot of rice boiling, and, when he heard it bubbling with a 'tull tull,' as it was not in the proper musical time, becoming enraged, he smashed the pot. As for the astrologer, as he was climbing the tree to get some leaves he heard the chirp of a lizard, and, knowing that that was an omen against moving, remained a long time on the tree, and came home empty-handed. When Appâjî learnt all this from his messenger, he told the King, who praised his insight greatly.

## XVII.

A certain small farmer had a very stupid son, whom he addressed thus: 'Although you are now a big boy, you will not learn; at all events, go and catch some fish. The boy went off and cut the bank of the pond in several places, and when the water had run off groped about in the mud, and,

catching several fish with his hands, brought them to his father, who felt a little elated that after so many days his son had got some sense, and said : ‘My boy, you must be wanting your food—you have been away so long?’ ‘The pond-water took some time to run off,’ said the boy, and explained to his father what he had done. The father beat his head and wept, as all his crop of rice for that year would perish. Therefore from a foolish son trouble always comes.

### XVIII.

Four men entered upon joint trade in cotton, and, to stop the rats from getting at the bales, kept a cat. To make things equal they agreed that each was to own one leg of the cat, and so each ornamented his leg with a chain of gold, and the cat flourished. This being the state of affairs, it fell out that the animal got one of its legs hurt, and the owner of that particular limb bound it up in a piece of oiled rag; but, going too near the hearth one day, the cloth caught fire and the cat ran and rolled itself in the cotton, which all caught fire and was burnt. Immediately the other three demanded damages from their partner, and complained to a celebrated Justice named Mariâythei Râman. He saw the injustice of the demand, and settled it in this way. Said he to the three : ‘The cat could never have used that wounded leg to run among the cotton with; he did it with your three legs, and so you must pay up his loss.’ Then these three, like the elephant who cast earth on its own head, having come to gain something, went away losers.

A somewhat similar modern tale—which appeared in the *Times* of August 5th, 1898, under the title of ‘Harris v. Slater,’—was told to Mr. Justice Stirling, of two ladies of Lee, who went into partnership in a blue Persian cat.

## XIX.

The state horse of a certain king died, and while he was in grief about it his chief man addressed him and said: 'Sir, if you will only send me I will travel into Arabia and get another horse.' So the king gave him money enough and despatched him. He found a horse as good as the other for the price of a thousand rupees, and set his face towards his own country, and, having halted one night at a traveller's rest-house in a thievish locality, cautioned the horse-keeper to be especially watchful and not to go to sleep. 'Be thinking always of some great subject,' he said, 'and you will keep awake,' and so saying went inside and lay down. At the second watch of the night he woke up and called out to the horse-keeper to see if he was awake. The horse-keeper answered that he had kept his eyes open by looking up at the stars and wondering who was great enough to have set so many in the sky. 'Very good! So remain awake.' At the third watch he called out again: 'What are you now thinking of?' 'Sir,' answered the man, 'I was only considering who could have dug out the bed of the ocean and where he heaped up all the earth taken out.' 'All right; be careful,' and so saying went to lie down again. The horse-keeper at last went to sleep himself, and thieves carried off the horse. When the master woke again he called out: 'And what are you now thinking of?' The man replied: 'I find the horse has been stolen, and I was just thinking whether you would carry away its trappings or whether I should have to do so.' 'Alas!' said he, 'I must go and tell my master the king.'

## XX.

A certain learned man, as he came to a town in his wanderings, heard that a rich man there who



was reported to be very generous was giving a feast. Putting on his old clothes he went and sat down near. The generous man gave him no assistance, and told him to be off, much to his confusion. The next day, having borrowed a very fine garment, he went again to the place. The rich man made him sit down, and caused a generous mess to be put before him on a platter of leaves sewn together. The learned man took up a handfull and put it on his garment, and in answer to his host's inquiry why he did this he said: 'Yesterday, when I called upon you in old clothes, you gave me no food; but to-day you give me delicate fare. Now, is this for me or for my clothes?' The rich man, feeling ashamed, tried to make some excuse.

## XXI.

Two stupid fellows had gone one day to pay their devotions in a temple of Shiva. 'Brother,' said one of them, 'do they call this a god? It is just a stone!' The temple guardian, over-hearing this, cried out: 'Will you abuse the god?' and beat him, and drove them both out of the temple. After this they went off to a house to get their food, and while eating one said to the other: 'Brother, there is a stone in this boiled rice.' He who had been beaten said angrily in reply: 'You idiot! don't call it a stone; did you not see me beaten just now for talking about a stone? Say it is a little god,' and gave him two slaps.

## XXII.

A certain king was in the habit of playing upon a beautiful lute adorned with precious stones. One day, in order to bring the instrument to a proper pitch, he took hold of the screws and

twisted them forcibly. A stupid servant who was standing by his side noticed this and thought: 'Surely he is taking trouble to break the lute,' and when his master had risen up and gone away he broke it into pieces, and stood with complaisance to await the arrival of the king. When he came in he asked: 'How did you manage to break it into pieces?' The man, taking this for praise, replied: 'My lord, your servant gained such strength by the excellence of the food given to him.' The king merely remarked: 'It is contrary to the nature of a fool to act wisely.'

### XXIII (*From Ūrdu*).

The story goes that a certain man went to consult a physician, and from the pain of indigestion rolled on the ground crying and praying. The doctor asked those who had brought him what he had eaten that day, and they replied that it was burnt bread, and the doctor ordered some medicine to be brought for the eyes. The patient exclaimed: 'Oh, doctor! what time is this for jesting? I am tormented with pain internally, and you are giving me something to put on my eyes!' The doctor answered: 'I merely wish to clear your vision, that you may see the difference between black and white.'

### XXIV (*From Ūrdu*).

The mosquitoes once laid a complaint before King Solomon that the wind would not let them remain in peace, but was always driving them about. The King summoned the wind to appear before him, to answer for itself; but when the wind came there were no mosquitoes present, and when the mosquitoes came there was no wind. So the King determined it was impossible to hear the case unless he had both the parties before him.

## XXV.

Once upon a time the mother of a certain king, as she lay dying, said : 'I am longing to eat a mango fruit' (under similar circumstances Pitt is reported to have said he 'thought he could eat one of Bellamy's pork pies'). The king at once sent to get one, but before it came his mother had died. Afterwards, the king calling together the Brâmins, said : 'My mother died with her desire to eat a mango unappeased ; what are we to do about it ?' They answered : 'Let the king have made a hundred mangoes of gold and let him give one apiece to a hundred Brâmins, and the spirit of his mother will remain untroubled. So the king consented, and on the anniversary of his mother's death made the gift. Upon hearing this the king's jester, Tennâl Râma Krishnan, said to some of these Brâmins : 'I have a desire to do something in memory of my dear mother on the anniversary of her death ; will you honour my house ?' When they had come in Râman shut the outer door and bid them sit all in a row : he then took up a branding iron which had been heating in the fire and thus addressed them : 'O, reverend sirs, my mother died from a great pain in her bowels, and just before she said : "if I can only be branded with a hot iron I shall live," but before it could be got ready she had gone to another world ; therefore, in order to put her at rest you must endure branding' : so saying he came upon them with the hot iron. They rushed out and complained to the king, who sent for Râma Krishnan and asked him what he meant by it. 'My lord,' said he, 'just as you gave them what your mother longed for so I tried to please my mother.' The king feeling ashamed of himself made no answer.

## XXVI.

One day the king observed that his jester, Tennâl Râman looked sorrowful, and asked him why he was sad. Râman answered: 'Sire, the astrologers have told me that I shall die in two months, and I feel that there is no one who will take care of my family after I am gone, so I am sorry.' The king replied: 'Do not distress yourself, I will protect your family ten times over. Is it a great thing for me to do?' From that day forward, Tennâl Râman appeared to grow worse in health, and news was brought to the king that he was actually dead: but, instead of being dead Râman had cleared out from his large family box all the money and gold and silver ornaments and brass vessels that were there, and had himself put inside. The king had heard that Râman had accumulated a great deal of property, and sent his servants to the house to seize his chest. So it was carried off to the palace of the king, who eagerly ordered it to be opened, when Râman himself was discovered. 'Indeed, indeed, they said you were dead!' said the king. 'Could I die trusting to you?' said Râman. 'Are you the one who was going to take care of my family?' And the king being ashamed of himself remained speechless.

## XXVII.

In a village of the name of Tennâl, a Brâmin boy, called Râman was born. A Sanniyâsi, or religious devotee, met him, and being taken with his beauty and cleverness instructed him in all devotional incantations, and then said to him: 'If you will recite a certain prayer ten thousand times in the night in the temple of the goddess Kâli, she, with her thousand faces, will appear to you, and without fear you can then make your requests of



her.' Râman accordingly went to the temple which was outside his village, and with all due form recited his prayer. She, called Badiri Kâli, putting on her form of the thousand faces and ten hands made herself manifest. The intrepid Râman, on seeing her dreadful form, burst out laughing. 'Fellow, why do you laugh?' said Kâli. Râman replied: 'Lady, we have but one nose and face and two hands, and if we have a cold it is difficult enough to blow our nose; now, you have a thousand noses and but ten hands, and if you get a cold how can you manage?' 'You rascal of a boy,' said Badiri Kâli, 'because you have made a joke of me, in future you shall have the name Vikâdākâvi (jester-poet).' You have given me a good name, said he; 'syllable it backwards or syllable it forwards it is the same.'

## XXVIII.

A 'polygâr' (man from the fort) stole a villager's horse, and having trimmed its tail led it off to his own yard. The villager at once went to make complaint to the king. 'Have you any witness to prove the horse is yours?' asked the king. 'The man replied that the village shopman would prove it. When the polygâr was summoned he boldly answered that the animal was his own, and that the complainant's witness would do also for his witness. When the shopman and the horse were brought up, the king demanded of him whether it was the property of the polygâr or of the villager. The witness turned it over in his mind thus: 'If I tell the truth the fort people will rob me; if I say it belongs to defendant, I may as well leave the place; besides, if my falsehood is found out I shall get punished too; I will try to say something in favour of both parties and yet give a

hint of the truth.' So thinking, he replied: 'My lord, when I look at the horse in front it seems like the complainant's, but when I look at it behind it seems like the defendant's.' The king was shrewd enough to see the man's real meaning—that by using the word in front (before) he meant before the horse was *stolen*, and by using the word behind (after) he meant after it was stolen—and gave his decision in favour of the complainant.

## XXIX.

A stupid fellow was in the habit of beating his wife every day, and she was saying to herself: 'He beats me without any reason whether I do well or do ill; I must put some sense into the blockhead somehow.' One day, according to his custom, he gave her a beating. 'What is this for?' she asked. 'Because you never do exactly as I tell you,' he answered. She said she would do so in future, and took an oath from him that while she so continued he was neither to abuse nor beat her. One day he called out to her, 'Adi, adi (you there, or, you hussy), where are you going?' She came running up and gave him a blow with a stick. 'What is this for, adi?' She struck him again and replied, 'I only did just what you ordered me when you said "adi" (beat).' On another occasion when she was pouring pottage into his dish, standing and stooping over him as he was sitting, he called out: 'Adi, some grain (umi) has fallen on my head.' She gave him a blow and emptied the remains of the pot over him, obeying another meaning of the word 'umi.' Again he once said to her: 'Take and put away this money in the house. She went and did so, saying: 'This indeed is the money of an obstinate blockhead.' After this he, being convinced and ashamed of himself, left off

giving way to anger, and taking her advice became a steady character. The moral tag at the end, not being very clear, had better be given in the original:

*“Agaiyâl arravillâthavan pendugalidathil tâlvu paduvân.”*

### XXX (*From Teluga*).

There was a crane that lived in a silk cotton tree on the bank on the river Krishna. A swan passing that way, the crane hailed him, and said: ‘Your whole body is white like mine; only your beak and legs are red. I have never seen a bird like you before. Who are you, and where do you come from?’ The swan replied: ‘I am a sacred swan. I live in Indra’s paradise, and I am come from it.’ Then the crane asked: ‘What things are there in that place? What is your food there?’ The swan replied: ‘Everything therein is made for the gods, so I am unable to describe the whole beauty of the place; but I will tell you some of the principal things there. Listen. In that place the earth is made of gold; the semblance of the water is ambrosial; the lilies are of silver; there are islands of pearls; trees yielding all one desires are there; amidst these and many other lovely things we eat the stalks of golden lotuses.’ While the swan was still speaking, the crane cried out: ‘Are there any snails there?’ ‘No,’ replied the swan. On this the crane burst into a fit of laughter, and remarked: ‘You have praised paradise highly as a delightful place. What is the pleasure of a place where there are no snails?’ Therefore, no matter who it may be, low things which they like appear to be pleasant, and things which they do not like they consider low.

## XXXI.

One day the king said to his barber, who was shaving him: 'Do you think, now, that all the people of this city are living in contentment?' 'Mâharâja, there is no one, however poor, here,' answered the barber, 'who does not possess as much gold as would equal a lime fruit in size.' The king looked at Appâji, his chief man, who was standing beside him. Appâji thought it over a little and then sent a servant quietly to search the barber's sporran, where was found a lump of gold just about that size. When the barber had gone away, Appâji showed it to the king, saying: 'By this we see that he deemed everybody in the world would have what he had, and what he had not, no one else would have. Ask him the same question the next time he comes to shave you.' Accordingly, at the next shaving time, the king did so, to which the barber sadly replied: 'Among great kings there is nothing but outward show, and none of them have even a bit of gold as big as a lime.' The king praised Appâji and gave back his gold to the barber.

## XXXII.

There was a washerman who used to keep a donkey to carry the village clothes to the river, to beat upon the stone and wash; he also kept a dog in his house to guard it. One night some thieves began to dig through the wall of his house. The dog, who was inside, remained quite still. The donkey said to him: 'Friend dog, why are you quiet? thieves are breaking in and will carry away the clothes and other valuables.' The dog replied: 'O donkey, they have often come to rob in this way, and I have barked and barked, and they have run off, and my master has taken no notice of the good done for him—you know this. Now,



let them rob if they want to, it is no concern of ours.' The donkey thought he at all events would not let this go on, and brayed out as loud as a clap of thunder, and the thieves made off. The washerman not being able to stand the noise jumped up, and calling the donkey a fat beast gave him a good blow on the back with his cudgel and lay down again. Then the thieves returned, and entering carried off all they could lay their hands upon. The dog, who noticed it, then said to the donkey: 'You would not listen to me; see what a return the master has made you. This is because you have tried to do my work; each person should do his own; if he undertakes another person's this is what will happen.'

### XXXIII.

Once the king slept until very late in the morning; but, as it was the day for shaving him, the barber came and, without disturbing him in his sleep, gently shaved him and went away. When the king awoke he looked into the hand-glass, and being pleased at the deft manner in which he had been shaved, sent for the barber and asked him what request he had to make. 'My lord, please make a Brâhman of me,' answered the barber. The king called together the Brâhmans and said: 'Unless you make this barber into a Brâhman, and allow him to eat in the row with you in six months, I will confiscate your endowment lands. The Brâhmans, putting as good a face upon it as they could, took him off and made him bathe three times a day, and go through prayers and penances and ceremonials with fire, but in vain. On the sixth month the king set out to visit the *agrahâram*, or Brâhman village, in order to see the barber sitting down and eating with them. They went off weeping to Tennâl



Râman, the jester, who, telling them not to be distressed, and that he would find a way out of it, got a black dog and, having put a rope round its neck, took it to the bank of the lake on the way, where he dug a hole for the sacrificial fire, and setting four Brâhmans to make the offering of fire with butter he dragged the dog round and round. While at this work the king came up and called to know what he was doing with the dog. Tennâl Râman answered that he was going to make the black dog into a white one. 'You idiot!' said the king; 'where was it ever heard that a black dog could be made white?' 'If a barber can be turned into a Brâhman, what difficulty can there be in making a black dog white?' said Râman. This made the king reflect, and going home to his place he sent for the barber and promised to reward him in some other way.

#### XXXIV.

A certain merchant having purchased a jewel for a large sum of money, directed his servant to take and give it to his wife. Afterwards, when he asked her where it was, she said the servant had never given it to her, and when he asked the servant he said he had given it. The merchant went to lay his complaint before the king. The king had the servant brought up, who had insisted he had given it, and when interrogated as to who knew it said he had two witnesses. The next day, the king, keeping them all apart, first asked the complainant what size the package was he gave to his wife; to which he replied that it was as big as a grape fruit, and the defendant also said that was the size. When the witnesses were interrogated one said it was as big as a lime fruit, and the other said it was as big as a mango. They were

punished for giving false evidence as well as the servant, who was made to give up the jewel.

### XXXV.

A woman stole and ate the fowl belonging to her neighbour which had wandered into her back yard. When asked what had become of it she denied, and said: 'I never even saw your fowl'; so disputing they went before the Justice Mariyâthei Râman. When he interrogated the thief she swore she knew nothing about it. As there were no witnesses, the Justice ordered them both to go away home. When their backs were turned, but while they were still within hearing, he said to those standing near him: 'See her audacity--a woman accused of taking a fowl came here with the very feathers sticking in her hair, yet she denied it!' When these words fell upon the ear of the thief she stole her hand up to her hair to feel if it was so. This was enough. The Justice punished her well, and ordered her to make restitution.

### XXXVI.

A certain person, having heard that if immediately upon arising one saw a couple of crows together it would bring good luck that day, told his servant as soon as he perceived two crows to rouse him. The servant did so, but when his master came to look one had flown off and only one remained, whereupon he gave the servant a beating. Said the man: 'Sir, do you perceive the sort of good luck which has happened to me who, the first thing in the morning, saw two crows?' Then the master felt ashamed of himself.

## XXXVII.

A hunter once saw a tiger in the distance, and being afraid climbed up into a tree. The tiger came and sat down below, and called out to a monkey sitting up there: 'This man is a wicked hunter—an enemy to all of us; you push him down.' The monkey replied: 'Although he may be a bad man, he has come here as a refuge, and I will not push him down; and, as the man was hungry, went off to get him some fruit to eat. The tiger then said to the hunter: 'The young one of the monkey is there somewhere; put him down to me, and I will take him and leave you alone.' So the hunter pushed the young monkey down. Then the tiger, when he saw the old monkey coming back with the fruit, thus accosted him: 'O monkey, in return for the kind action you did, see what he has done! Go up and push him down, and I will give up your young one.' To which the monkey said: 'I will not push him down.' 'See, you have done good to a wicked man—evil will come to you,' said the tiger and went off without devouring the young monkey. The hunter eat up his fruit, and then, saying to himself that his wife and child would be wanting something to eat, when the monkey had gone to sleep he killed him and carried him off. Therefore (says this moralist) if you do a kindness to a wicked man it will turn out so.

## XXXVIII.

There were four brothers who travelled into another country and studied literature and science under a philosopher; the fourth only learnt nothing from him. One day they took counsel together, and the eldest said: 'We will present ourselves before the king, exhibit our learning, get a good reward, divide it into four shares, and return

home.' The second replied: 'Our youngest brother is a fool. Why should we give him a share?' The third said: 'Although our youngest has no learning he has some acquaintance with worldly affairs. We will take him with us also and let him have his share.' So they set forth, and on the way they came upon a dead tiger. The learned three said: 'Here is an opportunity for trying our skill. We will bring this tiger to life.' Said the youngest: 'Don't make any experiment on this tiger; harm will come of it.' The third agreed with him. 'You are too conceited,' said the other two, and would not listen, but began their charms, while the other brothers ran off and climbed up a tree. When they had succeeded in resuscitating the tiger he immediately fell upon them and killed them.

### XXXIX.

There lived in a certain village a man who was known as Mûkkarayan (one whose nose had been cut off). As some of the people used to laugh at him he played this trick. Raising his face up towards the sky he said: 'O Lord, I am worshipping Thee, and bowing down and praising Thee; show Thy benign presence;' so, with streaming eyes and trembling limbs, he declared divinity had made itself manifest to him. 'Why stand round idly looking, O people; time is passing.' Some believed him and cried out: 'Sir, make divinity appear to us also.' He answered: 'Only to those who, like me, have no nose will there be the divine appearance.' Accordingly some cut off their noses, but nothing was manifest, and they felt they had been deceived, but fearing they would be laughed at they declared with one voice: 'The God has appeared. See what we have gained for a little loss. We shall attain to heaven.' Hearing this, in a short time all the people in the village cut off



their noses. Therefore bad men who have fallen into misfortune or crime will try to draw others in with them.

## XL.

A king one day went a-hunting, and in the forest he noticed a wild hill-woman give birth to an infant, bathe herself in the river, take it up and walk away. He reflected: 'in a like case whatever care and kindness may be shown to our women they do not come out for many days: this shall not be in future.' So, when it afterwards came about that his wife was going to give birth to a child, he gave orders to his physicians and servants that no especial care should be taken of her. When that wise lady heard of this she sent for the king's head gardener and told him that he was not to take any trouble with the king's flower garden, neither to water it nor put on manure. After two days, when the king went to walk in his garden, he noticed that the flowers were withering away, and sending for the gardener in great anger demanded the reason of this. 'My lord, it was by the order of the queen,' answered the man. Upon this he went inside and asked his wife why she had given such an order. That chaste one said that she had been reflecting that the trees and wild flowers of the forest grew without water being guided to them along stone channels and without any pruning or manuring, and that the king's garden ought to flourish in the same way. Hearing this the king felt ashamed of himself and gave directions that the physicians and servants were to attend as they had been accustomed to do.

## XLI.

Four men set out together on a journey, and coming across a bundle containing some money



and other things fell to disputing about the division; so, not being able to agree, they went to a respectable shopkeeper and asked him to take charge of it while they went to a neighbouring pond to eat the cold boiled rice which they had tied up, charging him to give it back when all four came to ask for it. They then bathed in the pond, performed *anushtânam*, eat their food, and sat under the shade of a banian tree on the bank to chew their areca nut with betel leaf. One of the company got himself sent off to the shopman to buy some tobacco leaf to roll up into cheroots. He went to the shopkeeper accordingly, whose place was in sight, and said: 'My friends have sent me for the bundle, please give it to me.' The shopkeeper said: 'Sir, I cannot give it up to you alone, all must come.' The rogue then called out loud to the men at the pond, 'He says he won't give it to me without your order.' They called back: 'You can give it to him.' The man then handed the bundle to him and he made off with it. When the other three found he did not return they went to ask for their bundle, and the shopkeeper replied that it had been already given up. They were enraged, and dragged the shopkeeper before the village justice, saying: 'We told you to give it up only to the four.' The justice, who was sitting on his outer raised stoop, saw into the case, and made this order: 'No doubt the defendant will restore it when you all four ask him. This is what he agreed to do.' Hearing this they were taken aback and slunk off.

NOTE. As to betel, it may be mentioned for those who have not seen it, and for some who have, that its use is universal in India under the name *pân-supâri* in the north and *vettilei pâku* in the south; the anglicized name is from the first three syllables of the last word, which mean 'merely leaf.' The nut, which grows at the top of the slender areka palm and is about the size of a nutmeg, is chopped into slices and then wrapped up in the leaf of a kind of pepper vine

previously smeared with lime plaster, and the compound is chewed. What brought the leaf of this creeping plant and the nut of the areka palm, which are often far apart, together is not so easy to determine as why 'almonds and raisins' are eaten together. It is usually handed on a salver to a guest, and takes the place of the offer of the small cup of strong coffee in Turkey. At the end of one of the involved stories within story of the ancient book *Hitôpadesa* [good advice] we read:—'Then, at the instance of the ministers, he' (King Sûdraka) 'called him back, and having presented betel to him,' &c. 'For'—in the manner these stories are also broken up by the interpolation of a succession of sage maxims in verse—'betel (*tâmbulam*) is pungent, bitter, spicy, sweet, alkaline, astringent, a carminative, a destroyer of phlegm, a vermifuge, a sweetener of the breath, an ornament of the mouth (?), a remover of impurities, and a kindler of the flame of love. O friend! these thirteen properties of betel are hard to be met with even in heaven.' Equal to the string of advantages to be derived from the use of our advertised pills, with the advantage of being in compact metre and much truer, with the exception to European ideas of its being 'an ornament to the mouth.'

## XLII.

A certain trader went to demand payment with interest of a sum of twenty *varâgans*\* which he had lent five years before to a cultivator. They fell into a dispute about it, and went before the justice. While they were on the road the debtor said it was a long time ago and he must see if the interest was correct. The merchant took out the *chîttu* (chit), which was written on a strip of palmyra leaf, and let the other man have it to look at, who suddenly tore it up and flung it into a deep well. The creditor seized him by the waist-cloth and dragged him along to the seat under the tree. The justice said: 'What is all this about

\* *Varâgan*—wild boar, figured on a gold coin, afterwards stamped with a *pagoda*-tower; equal to three-and-sixpence when there *was* a tree of the name.

your tearing up a bond; tell me the truth.' 'I neither borrowed any money nor did I tear up any bond,' he answered. The justice told the merchant to go back to the place and see if he could find any of the fragments, and proceeded to hear some other dispute. After a short time he turned suddenly to the defendant and said: 'Will he have got there by this time?' 'No, it is far; he cannot have got there yet,' the man answered. On hearing this the justice ordered him to be beaten, and made him repay the loan to the chetti (trader).

### XLIII.

The lord of the town called Sägätilägä chanced to rise very early one morning, and in looking out of the window on to the main street saw a boy sweeping the steps of a house. While withdrawing his head he gave it a blow causing a little flow of blood, and then he reflected thus: 'I have had this injury on seeing the boy's face the first thing in the morning, what evils may not result to all who thus may see him; it will indeed be a benefit to the world to have him destroyed,' and so he sent the executioner to bring him, who communicated this necessity to the lad and brought him. The boy said: 'First let me speak a word or two to my lord, and then you may kill me.' So he was brought, and after prostrating himself said: 'Oh, my lord, indeed but a slight injury has occurred to you from seeing me the first thing in the morning, and you have ordered me to be executed: but what about my death, because the first thing I saw in the morning was your honourable face, and what may not happen to others?' This answer so struck the rāja that he forgave the boy, admitted him into his palace, and finally made him his chief adviser.

## XLIV.

A Brâmin was journeying alone through a wild country and came across a trap inside which was a tiger, who at once began to beseech him, saying it would be a great merit if he were let out. After much hesitation, being over-persuaded, the Brâmin opened the trap and released the tiger, who at once said that he would eat him. 'Is it justice to kill one who has done you this kindness?' 'It is the born nature of tigers to kill men and other animals,' said the other. And so, while they were arguing, a fox came along, and it was agreed that the matter should be referred for his decision. The fox said: 'I cannot understand it merely from your narrations. How exactly was the tiger inside the trap, and how was the door opened? Let me see this and I will come to a decision.' The tiger consented and got inside the trap, and the door was shut. Then said the fox: 'You fool of a Brâmin, how could you show kindness to such a wicked being? Be off with your life.'

*Dec. 6th, 1898.*

R.B.S.













